

OZ

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POPE PILL VI

about the gort

OZ does it again! The first major magazine or newspaper to reveal the awful truth that our benevolent press has been hiding for so many months. The first to expose what is common knowledge now in Canberro: that Gorton is not and never will be a shadow of a Prime Minister. And what is worse his Cabinet realises it. Our Political Correspondent's scoop report is still under discussion.

As usual, we will be the only ones to congratulate ourselves on yet another outstanding contribution to the national welfare. But we hear the unspoken thanks of a grateful nation and we voice them as we say sincerely, loudly and modestly: Congratulations, OZ, well done!

COME BACK MING, ALL IS FORGIVEN



Suddenly the pandits' eyes turn irresistibly to the G.O.M. of the Liberal Party, Sir Robert. For the first time in his long life, he finds himself out on the Left of his party—an outspoken defender of the "great unwashed" and a virulent Gorton critic.

Sir Robert has thrown up his job (telling boring cricket and Churchill anecdotes on the Nine Network) in readiness for the Grand Return from Japan-dean-Engliss.

The cries of his people are as ardent now as they were long ago—just before he retired. He will not return unasked; even now he maintains an air of detachment in his Cinque Port castle.

Sir Robert is ostensibly enquiring into "Home Rule for Scotland" for the British Conservative Party but his Australian followers and clansmen know where his heart truly lies.

The Prince Over the Ocean will return when he is needed. Come you back, Sir Robbie!

Government by rhetoric is better than no government at all.



HAROLD HOLT IS ALIVE AND LIVING ON KING ISLAND

Meanwhile, in a King Island nest-cubird hole—his white hair turned prematurely brown by droppings — Harold Holt waits with his floodlight band for the Day of Reckoning.

As each day passes, support mounts on the mainland for the coup which will sweep him back to the power which he enjoyed so much.

The Big Z, frontman for the Holt political machine, is lining up her millioners' million and scuba-diver shock troops for the final thrust into Lake Barley Griffin.

The entire Holt family have cancelled their overseas trips and hands are pouring into the South Yarra storefront office of the Revolution.

Someday, mediocrity tomorrow seems better than incompetence today.



WHERE ARE YOU ARTHUR, NOW THAT WE NEED YOU MOST?



In the political desert of Flemington, Victoria, a rose has bloomed and the subtle pink blush is spreading across the face of Australia. In the unpretentious brick bungalow of liver brick, only an occasional stirring of the venetians heralds the whitehead that the old pro, A. A. Calwell, hopes to reap.

Secure, as always, in the knowledge that the people will turn to Calwell in the hour of crisis, Arthur hides his face.

Only he is sensitive enough to hear the furtive clatter for his return but what a assault there will be when the People's Centurion makes his bid.

Meanwhile, Arthur is busying himself around the house, mortaring the walls that are breaking out all over the face of his Mervins and polishing up his part as the Vietnam Poet in the A.L.P. Christmas Frodo.



Social Jabblings

Here, Ozies! It hasn't really been a very social month but not to worry, there's always enough to fill the Diary. Social days, social date and there's no time at all to think, but who cares?

DOMINATING the Sydney social whirl was a very well known and very dear friend of mine, **WAL MELLISS**. And was he the talk of the town! Wal held a swingers' turn recently that lasted the proverbial week.

Locals was his gracious home in the outer Sydney suburb of Glenfield. Wal spared no expense (spies tell me the do cost over \$4,000!) and aided by his petite blonde wife **BERYL**, most of Sydney was entertained by Wal.

The special cuisine was prepared and served by that Gotham Kere of Glenfield, "**NUTRITIOUS**" **NORM ALLAN** and it ranged from a tasty curry and rice our pendereers to some interestingly sour grapes.

Entering into the being-your-own spirit, Norm presented Wal with a few bottles of Coke to supplement the barbo and a precocious little Ananias to bomb the complement.

As I said before, everyone who was anyone and a few more besides turned up although Rob Askins sent apologies. Rev. Paton, with his Vicar of Beryl impersonations, proved a slow turn and an appreciative crowd stayed right to the end til Wal did the old trick of taking the party with him up to his old club—Morrisett.

AFTER Wal's turn, a few of the set decided amongst ourselves to raise some funds for that well-known old charity . . . the ACTU.

So, off to Melbourne for petrol and then back to Paddy's Market for a gas turn selling it at \$10 a gallon. Profits enormous too . . . so half to the ACTU old folks and the other half to yours truly's favourite charity, yours truly.

AND while slipping down to Melbourne, guess who? Saw none other than educated abo. "**CHILLA**" **PERKINS**, leading a group of these Ananias tribesmen in a protest march to Tasmania. Topic? "Why pay

for a Vietnam war orphan when you can get an abo. picnically for nothing". And, as "Chilla" told me, that's about the value of it too.

WHILE in the Queen City, I ran into "**SWINGIN'**" **SUE BECKER** (who opens on Melbourne television . . . every week). Sue was receiving treatment for a slipped disc suffered when **BILL PEACH** ran amok on her guest spot.

Retired Sue wouldn't tell me of any plans in detail but I did discover that she'll be demonstrating breast-feeding exercises to **SIR ROBERT HELPMANN** at a pot party in South Yarra.

BACK in Sydney again, had a really fun time at the Martin Place happening. Dropped in to check out strong rumours that old buddy **JACK "Bangles"** **GORTON** was to personally test-pilot the F-111A's.

Jack had fortified himself against the weather and we were treated to one of his popular speeches on Asia at a pre-happening drinks do. Later we all popped out to join the youngsters for a really colourful carba and frog-march session.

AND so as July drew into August, the whirl grew faster. But I simply couldn't refuse when asked to organise **JOHNNO McEWEEN'S** bachelors' night. Proved a great turn with all of Johnno's friends there . . . **MAX NEWTON**, "**WEE WILLIE**" **McMAHON**, **ART. CALWELL**, **MRS. JONES** and all the Treasury boys. Started out with a few ambers at the Brooklyn, stirred up the mates at the Saloyaki and then off to have a squar at Sandy Nelson and her new partner **Beryl Melish**. Have one for us, Long John.

Chow, Swingers!

Richard Rides



Lots of romance in the air for our trendy Cabinet Ministers and consequently no surprise when Prime Minister **JOHN GORTON** announced his engagement to charming John PEARL BROOME during the Black and White Ball. Believe there was much excitement

on the floor when John rose to toast his dusky fiancée and looked out the happy news. John and Pearl plan a "doomcring" marriage at La Perouse and will then leave by air to spend their honeymoon away from it all at busy Wattle Creek.

PHIZZIGS

A Yank in the wrong direction

Mr. William H. Crook, the smooth diplomat who has succeeded the Tiddens Horns as the man to tell us what our foreign policy is, has one undesirable distinction generally: his family must be the most uninteresting ever to appear outside the "Saturday Evening Post".

The son, Bill Junior, wears fur-trimmed jackets and says that Australia is the only place he has enough for a crowd; his wife, the daughter, Mary Elizabeth and Noel Edna, an identical blonde and light over the Australian turner LBJ provided as an inner-builder, and which they have named "Adelaide" because it's such an American name.

The wife, Eleanor, is described by the U.S. Information Department as a "gay and informal" person, in quotes, and is a strong and ardent swimmer. They are all "dedicated" to water skiing.

There may be, to him, more, Mr. Ed had an alarming heart-attack when he is reliably reported to have made more than

\$100,000 from investments during his tenure behind an impenetrable silence. Mr. Crook appears to reveal an extraordinary political muscle through a temporarily glibness from.

His Sydney press conference showed him facing pleasure—i.e., smiling, avoiding questions ("I'd like to talk to you about that some other time") and giving straightforwardly to reporters (from very clear blue eyes, somewhat reminiscent of Peter van Kerk playing a top No. 1).

His Canberra press conference showed him blundering through the mists of the ANZUS Pact in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Garrison, a diplomat which the local diplomats hastily declared "not the record".

It would be absurd to think of Mr. Crook, or of any other U.S. ambassador, as anything more than a messenger boy who passes on orders and is probably not aware of making a dollar on the side. But his gaze has confidence can be a major step forward in a political power struggle: vide the LBJs Harold Holt picked up from a close association with Ed Crook and, through him, with LBJ.

Whom will Mr. Crook pick as confident? On the showing to date, the best bet is not Curtin the Gracioso, but Billy McKibben. Both are cool players, and, perhaps importantly, both have a very strong religious background.

Certainly Mr. Crook is unlikely to find an Australian cabinet member who is able, or interested, to talk about what appears to be his main concern: the plight of the poor.

Bail up — and out

On Wednesday 24th July, Miss McLane should have appeared in court in Adelaide to answer charges for swindling and drunk driving. The night before, he left town, didn't show at court and so he had of \$500 was forfeited.

His wife had "gone missing" for him and police went out to collect the money. To the court's surprise, the 32-year-old Mac Lane (born another of five didn't have it and she was arrested).

It was a fairly slow day for hard news and the family drama hit the front pages soon after Mrs. McLane hit the cell. She was due to stay there for nine months or until someone paid the \$500.

When anyone goes away they are asked whether they have the money. If they don't, it is all rather pointless. A man is released on money but when the court decides that some payments is needed that he will turn up to face the charge. In some cases the charged person can pledge his own money, in more serious cases someone else must pledge theirs. In NSW, such cases he deposited or it must be proved that the one going away has possessions which the bank can sell up. In Victoria and South Australia, no such proof is needed.

Mrs. McLane didn't ever have the money she pledged, didn't notify police when her husband disappeared and didn't attend court on Wednesday. The hearing may think she deserves all the pot—even if her children didn't.

On Thursday the court reduced "bail" (i.e., forfeit) to \$400 and gave her 48 hours to find it. That night, TV previously known Saggy launched a TV appeal for the money.

On Friday morning Philip Morris Ltd gave her the bail money for some greatly appreciable money and \$1000 bond.

On Friday afternoon the bail-pumper turned up a Sydney, saying he couldn't have gone if he had thought his wife would be jailed. Two good reasons for her arrest?

On Saturday morning the Victorian police went they also wanted to extradite him to answer charges. Meanwhile Frank Sledge had brought in another \$500 and Mrs. McLane was truly grateful.

"I will use some of the extra money on clothes for the children, but I don't know what I'll use the rest of it for. I'll just put it in the bank," she said. "People have been so good."

And so go home



The Crook Family relaxes at home

ALL ABOUT OZ EDITORS

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SISTER MONICA



Day boy



JULY 1: Mr. Fairhall announced in Canberra that he had given about 20 defunct Australians. It was called a 'Javelin Staff' as it was not understood in other countries where defence is taken seriously.

All the head would be, predictably, Mr. Fairhall, then his Secretary Sir Henry Head, then Rear-Admiral Dovers with the new First Director of the Australian Joint Staff.

The choice of a naval man as First Director has not gone down really big with the Milla Men, who keep asking: Who is Admiral Dovers? To which Sir Henry can only give his famous bland reminiscence of sea-surfing.

The second halves of the French elections started badly though not as badly as it ended with the shooting of an 18-year-old socialist party worker at Arles, Faboullet.

JULY 2: A great day for the treasurer, the Melish Middle began... Tokyo Rose won on points John Lennon broke the news on an extended world that he had more than a yen for Guy Yoni. And Alan Farnsey ran his classic bagpipes when the Government had given the Gurkha permanent occupancy of the land they sought "in a radical policy change." Alan had retained his residents, who were ousted by a vulgar faction of politicians with Vintyell interests.

JULY 3: The Great Shogun Wedding... 'New Asian Policy Lag Attacked by Labor' (The Australian). It was about time that well known Asian Policy lag, Paul Haddock, was attacked. Aboriginal leaders were "cautious" about the Wave Hill land grant Stuart basins, those strange leaders.

Rylin was attacked by Victorian Country Party leader Moss for his intellectual advice to dovers—to test at other dovers was breaking the law. Rylin has that characteristically Liberal ideal of wanting to have a policeman in every house.

Moss pointed out that his construction as mentioned to public nuisance—another of Arthur's little weaknesses.

JULY 4: Horens were used by police to charge a Melbourne student demonstration.

tion, Monashville in Sydney the police were helping Wally sort out his affairs.

All time glasses it would appear that criminals get better insurance than students but it must be remembered that Wally is a better type of crime—he supports the Government in Vietnam.

Representatives of the primary producers, manufacturers and commercial interests had the opportunity to put their views directly and in person to Cabinet. They asked for a slowing down of Government spending in the Budget Trade Unions, consumers' organisations and non-inflationist failed to be invited to express their views.

JULY 5: The Queen dabbled after Rose knight. As she did so, it was announced that another 12 British grocers have taken to the water. Three of them were in a circumstantial way (the head could be heard singing: "Fish up a dub/ For three men in a tub" as they rounded the Seilly Islands... Mr. Ashlin said that police tactics at Glenfield were "nauseous".

JULY 6: The sweet smell of success, CSR's profit up \$17 million. Nothing so sweet like monopoly.

JULY 7: The Melish rains ended after Norm finally decided that he could confess a promise (Wally asked that "I go to Hialeworth and stay there until such time they take me," which Norm promised but did not keep).

Apart from going to hell for his false swearing, Norm is looking for a lightweight out of the affair and Sir Sept. Ferguson may get a Police Medal.

There still persists a story that Melish married Garry. Apparently most of the papers missed the fact that Wally has a child—even if he doesn't have a first wife.

JULY 10: Westworth and Nixon finally announced that there will be no township at White Creek. In any other democracy W.C., alias of his previous promises and out-

dreary day.

tion of "hand out", would resign his portfolio in disgust.

After waiting so long to get in and knowing that he wouldn't ever get a second opportunity if he went out, we don't blame him for saying:

It was confidently predicted that McCaw will take up the NSW Agent-Generalship in London.

His predecessor, Abe Land, left the ALP in the lurch when he originally took up the position (his vacant seat was won by the Libs) for for Abe has got, for his services on and off occasion, a 3 year sentence and an O.B.P. Soon he will be out on the N.S.W. Bench and imprisoned. They don't come cheap, these ALP turnouts.

JULY 15: The formation of an Australian company to produce men's, women's and children's three-way trunks (intending at first). Barriers have shown particularly strong interest.

Snedden told a U.S. audience that Australia does not bar skilled Negroes. We just ban on them living producers in a socially useful faculty (well Arts, thank you very much).

From Washington Bills went on to South America, where we don't make it quite so tough for them to migrate. Latins are a pater shade of black and Catholic—less Hykin, more method.

JULY 15: N.S.W. Attorney-General McCaw remarried after previously being divorced. It is understood that his bride agreed to marry him after his latest outburst in favour of whipping.

Residents of Wodonga, N.S.W., complained that the "Four Corners" coverage of the opening of their new 5th Temple had lacked that important ABC necessary "balance" in its exploration of racial discrimination in the town.

If the cry fits — "Four Corners" might have replied, Or, as they say in Wodonga 5th and ya shall find.

JULY 16: Un-ford ex Air Minister Howson told the Press that a lot of people were saying that he should "go for Higgs" (the dictator of the ostracized Gorton, who dropped Harold's pet from his New Look Ministry). "I've got more of my Liberals in Higgsy than the P.M. has." Perhaps Howson and the P.M. could have a 500-000 sort of battle of the political magpies.

JULY 22: Rasmus Aronson again began a slow withdrawal gambit in the chess game with Czechoslovakia. Dubcek announced that he wanted to go three squares forward and none to the left... and the reds lost a Czech mate.

JULY 14: BASTILLE DAY



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JULY 20: Peter Sheffer's "White Liar" and "Black Comedy" died in Melbourne so the show was re-named "Lights Out for Fun, or A Lark in the Dark" for Sydney's semi-pleasant team "King Lear". "Secret Frio of Henry VIII" and "Malt A Deapater" are doing great business, too.

JULY 24: A general hubbub about Atkin's "Drive over the bastards."

The only person to come to Robert's defence was the Australian Consul in Sydney, Basil Capella, who apparently thought the operative part of the directive was the word "bastards". "You know that in Australia you use bastards in various ways. Mr. Atkin used it in a laughing way—in a kind way."

Mr. Atkin finally confessed that what he had said was "corrosive and politically charged"—fitting testimony to his political good-will and moral ill-health.

JULY 25: Black Jack McQueen married again. He met on that old set of wheels.



OZ GUIDE TO

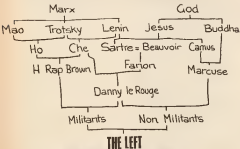
The Australian Left—that fearful, shrouded, undercover Communist Front of dopes and fellow travellers, agitators and the great unwashed, which is second only to the Peril from the North as a government vote catcher—does not exist. What does exist is a mass of eight distinct groups, with memberships varying from 25 to several hundred.

There are thousands, even millions, of people who support some of the aims of some of the groups; these, presumably are the dopes. But the organized Left, in the sense of an unspecified number of names in an ASIO Ming cabinet, or faces known to Detective Sergeant Freddie Longbottom, is a confusing (and frequently confused) few. And, as the fragmentation process continues—and more and more groups emerge—the confusion grows.

The Left today is a fiercely competitive business. There is no room for the occasional do-gooder, as Barry Robinson, founder of the Youth Campaign Against Conscription (now defunct) was when he grasped his opportunity two years ago and became, for a time, a "spokesman".

Barry is now on first-name-terms with most of the Left leaders, and some others, including Gough. He is seeking persecution for a Federal Labor seat, and will probably get it. But Barry would never make it the same way in the rough and tumble of today's Left.

The Oz guide to the Left should be of invaluable assistance to all those who want to know whom they are demonstrating for, to the Government, and in particular to the Left's patron Detective Sergeant Freddie Longbottom.



THE NEW OLO LEFT: Resistance, a group of 70 high school students, led by a couple of Che Guevarist Arts drop outs. Produced the notorious pamphlet "How not to join the Army", and has done nothing else of note. Shares headquarters with Bob Gould (see The Far Left) who is working it, largely unsuccessfully. Holds lots of parties, bring your own pot.

THE OLO LEFT: The Establishment. The Communist Party (Moscow line) and the Young Socialist League. The members of this group are almost all either over 50 or under 25, span from the prolific Aaron family. Laurie Aaron is still the king, but he has his problems: he is reported to have lost four nights' sleep deciding to back the Czechs against the Russians.



THE OLO OLO LEFT: Hardline trades unionists from the Left of the Labor Party and the traditionalists in the Communist Party. It still believes in the working class road to peaceful socialism and browns on student extremists. No real leaders, except perhaps the Communists: relies for its public appeal on such dynamic figures as Slater of the Postal Workers and Cleary of the N.S.W. Building Workers.

LEFT

THE MAD LEFT: The Melbourne poets, mainly students led by Albert Renger, who lives in daily fear of a Stalin purge.

Red Hill, head of the Communist Party (China Line) rules from an air-conditioned penthouse and spends much of each year in China, getting the line (Mao foots the bill). There is a minor splinter group: the Old Left, representing a couple of Melbourne unions.



THE FAR LEFT: The self-styled Fourth Internationalists, of whom there are 25 in Australia, mainly in Sydney. Anti-communist (because it's too tame), they want revolution along Trotskyist lines.

The group is split: 12 follow Bob Gould, a bookshop proprietor too old for the Young Left; and vice versa. Bob sells every badge from "Support the NLF" to "Up the Tigers", and does very nicely thank you. He also attends Labor Conferences, and is invited to speak against any motion the Executive wants to push through. He is known as "The Buchman" and is so far Left he's Right.

The majority of 13 follow the line of Hall Bony Grezland, at present rotting in a Paris jail, and Denis Freney, who lives off Trotsky gold. Most of the far left have bad necks, through waiting for the ice pick.



THE NEW NEW LEFT: The classless managers of university students, mainly in Sydney. The Melbourne group is led by Doug Kester. Ian Charnod, a teaching fellow in sociology at the University of NSW, runs Action for Love and Freedom (ALF) and is generally described as an aging idealist approaching second childhood. His wife teaches at Ascham. Mike Jones runs students for a Democratic Society (SDS) at Sydney University; he was a leader of the Students for Labor Victory campaign at the last Federal election, and cost the ALP several hundred votes in every electorate in which he appeared. Considered a social club rather than a political force.



THE OLD NEW LEFT: The Vietnam "conscience", spearheaded by the Association for International Co-operation and Disarmament, which is often accused of being a Communist front (it isn't). The predominance of clergymen in this group has also made it suspect as a Christian front.

Other organisations in this highly respectable mob include the Vietnam Day Committee in Melbourne and the Committee of Protest against Vietnam in Adelaide.



THE NEW LEFT: Brian Laver's civil rights cum-worker, cum-student group, mainly in Brisbane. Runs the FOCO discotheque at the Brisbane Trades Hall, where he is also Research Officer, (normally he is also a student, but let that pass).

FOCO was originally backed by the Unions, but now all profits go to the Brisbane Underground Movement; no one knows what happens to them then, although one of Laver's patrons, Communist Union boss, Alex MacDonald would like to.

Laver is now off on a year-long trip round the world; the New Left is likely to fall apart without him.



initial moves

PM — P.O.Q!

"Love me—Pm a Liberal", says the billion the crooner of the Young Lions are sporting on their double-breasted. As far as it is known, no one has yet taken them up on it. But it might be worth a try for the Prime Minister to wear one into the next cabinet meeting. He could hardly do any worse than at present.

The patient thing anyone is prepared to say about him these days is that he is a good drinking mate. Those who remember him from school (Gordon Grammer, naturally) may describe him as a loud-mouthed bully; some who have met him since full back on phones like "my lad" and of charitable, add that his wartime place crash has probably damaged him a little psychologically.

But the interesting thing is not what is being said, although it is fairly strong criticism, or who is saying it, although they are often people close to the Prime Minister. It is where the words are flying.

The sub-Gordon movement has links over one of the Australian Club and with the pubs.

One member of parliament who wishes to remain anonymous (it is understood to be Mr. R. E. Turner, Lib., Stafford) was quoted during the month as saying that Mr. Gordon could not rely on his loyal votes in the whole parliamentary party. Raps and Senate.

This sounds absurd when you think that only six months ago the man was elected Leader by a very large majority, but when you think about it, it's hard to pick even five.

Mr. Gordon was definitely in the Alex Douglas-Horne position of being most people's second choice in January, and since then his tendency to discuss even his own pothings (Mr. Westworth, for instance, is known to feel he has been sold down the river on Aborigines and penicillin, because he, poor fool, trusted the Prime Minister).

It was not Mr. Gordon who refused to let him actually carry out his grandiose, and by then public, plans. It was Mr. McEwen and Mr. Westworth, who have since become his enemies. But Mr. Gordon, Mr. Westworth feels, shouldn't have promised what he could not give, and in any case didn't seem to fight very hard.

The emergence of the Lib's answer to the House Industries Group, the Bureau for Democratic Government, should be seen against this background. The businessmen have never fully trusted Gordon since the postal strike; they consider he tried to play "John the Strong", and he relinquished and afterwards helped to prolong it.

But they kept their grumbles for the club and comforted themselves with the idea that a Labor government would have to be worse. It was only last month, confronted with the results of Mr. Gordon's overseas jaunt (very bad for exports), that they decided something had to be done.

They held a long and noisy meeting, at which between 50 and 100 people,

representing a vast amount of money and a good deal of influence within the Liberal party.

Naturally, one would not dream of ignoring Mr. Theo Kelly of Westworth, or Mr. J. W. Denkey of C.S.R. (among other things), or Mr. R. W. Miller of beer and tobacco firms, or Mr. L. J. Hooker, and Mr. H. R. Turner, by suggesting they were present.

Still, one could credit that it was Mr. Theo Kelly who composed the advertisement that appeared in "The Australian" two days later. Still, an advertisement did appear and it asked all loyal Liberals to write to their M.P. suggesting Mr. Fairbairn for PM.

The choice of Fairbairn was a logical one—the meeting had played with the idea of McEwen, Bury, Westworth and (least far) Ted St John, but had decided one would have the backing.

Fairbairn, on the other hand, was senior, and had voted hands down the last time. It had also been widely suggested that had

by Our Political Correspondent

he stood last time, he would have made it Mr. Fairbairn, of course, was selected of all that, and was appalled.

(A) He honestly doesn't want the job, preferring to be a quiet power in the background.

And (B) if he did want it, a public can push of this kind would be the last way to get it.

But the businessmen had the last firmly between their teeth. They appointed Francis James as their spokesman, and then, hardly realising this was a tactical error, publicly mocked him. (Presumably, of course, Francis is still in there.)

But the damage had been done; the mere mention of Francis's name had been enough to make most people decide the whole thing was a pointless job.

In fact, it isn't. Their publicity ideas may be greater (they had planned, for instance, to reprint the correspondence columns from last month's GZ as an advertisement in "The Australian"). Until the paper's lawyers pretty pointed out that it wouldn't.

But the BDC carry a lot of weight between them, and while they haven't succeeded in getting Fairbairn into the hot seat, one or two likely old, they may yet put the shish under Gordon.

The latter then have sent to potential supporters (written by Vincent James and repeated elsewhere in GZ) new and, to much, but a bit of quiet talking work in the high places of the Liberal party could—not could—have an effect.

Gordon's defence against all this has been to keep his mouth shut, keep out of the public eye, do his drinking at home and make his public appearances at such innocuous places as Concord Town Hall, the Aborigines' Hall, and the Sharn Old Boys'

track. (Admittedly he hasn't a lot of spare time, as distraught Treasury officials are manufacturing most of it to try to explain to him what a budget is.)

He has also started the great campaign for an early election. His thinking is based on the fact that the Libs would find it very hard to replace a Leader in September and win an election three months later—except against a broke and discouraged A.L.P. It is not based on a desire to test the new electoral boundaries, which on the whole favour the Libs, and it is not based on a fear of a great Labor resurgence next year.

He has support in Cabinet, from those who don't want to replace him and honestly feel he would be a loss in 1959. The opposition comes from those who do want to replace him and from those who feel that's bloody well got to be a hard budget this year or the economy is going to get right out of control.



The opposition in Cabinet has found unexpected support in the Parliamentary Opposition, which is planning to challenge the redistribution.

Whitlam's thought is based on the same line as Gordon's—he isn't particularly worried about the tests. But he doesn't in the least want an early election, which—having the simultaneous deaths of Calwell, Hartley, Brown, Chamberlain and Kerbin—the Libs would win comfortably.

What he does want is to give Gordon as much air as possible, on the grounds that he will either be isolated (the big split) or will drink and talk himself out of office.

It now looks as though Cabinet will have to grab their chance and replace the man (but God knows with whom) or else sit on him as hard as possible, and hope he transfers the action of his wariness, which is now frightening children in Madras Township, to London.

The following is the text of a letter, drafted by Mr. Francis James and sent to all Liberal Party branches, all parliamentarian members of the Liberal Party, and various businessmen whom the Boardman for Democratic Government happens to know. The footnotes are by our political correspondent.

A Federal Election must be held by November 1969. We do not wish to see the Socialists win. But that possibility becomes stronger every day and will become a certainty if our Party drops into even deeper slumbers. We feel that drastic steps must be taken—quickly.

It is no secret that there are widespread doubts about the Prime Minister's performance. Some of you who will read this letter know already what we have in mind that there is grave dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister in the Cabinet, in the Parliamentary Party, in the Public Service, in the trade unions, and right down to better-informed small Party branches.

Very few members of the Parliamentary Party say a good word for the Prime Minister or Prime Minister, whatever their personal feelings towards him.

These allegations within the Party are already obvious to people outside—the press and the general public. If they continue, let alone increase, then we face certain electoral defeat. Any Ministerial resignation (which is desperately close at the moment) would not save our face.

Differences within the ranks of the Labor Party, which have helped us in the past, will be of no help whatever if we are in the same condition.

At this point, let us make one thing clear: we have not been moved to action by any personal feeling against Mr. Gorton. On the contrary, some of us, especially from Victoria, have a high regard for many of his qualities. We do not dispute it as a remark that these qualities are not all that are needed for the Leadership of these critical times. We do in the same kind of position as Sir Alex. Douglas-Home or Sir Anthony Eden. In our opinion, he has lost both crucial qualities needed by the country, and the Party, at this time.

There is no place in our thinking for the kind of slavish constitution that puts on in civilian quarters, which we saw with contempt. What Mr. Gorton does with his private cars, for instance, is his own business, whether he relies on a flying trip, or even a few drinks or a night risk. Any man under the strain of public office has just as much right to the rest of us to seek whatever relaxation he chooses.

Our concern is purely political, and we want to keep it that way.

Beyond our thinking in the fact that Australians have begun to follow the American Presidential-style techniques. The ordinary public nowadays are tending to vote for a "presidential-style" figure, rather than a Party platform. That means that the public mindsets of the Prime Minister is crucial matter in any election.

Unfortunately, we do not have anything approaching the American system of Primaries, where the rank and file membership of the Party are able to indicate their preferences. We do not have anything like

a Nominating Convention, where the Party in a whole can express its choice of the most suitable candidate in appeal to the Nation.

Under our system, the Leader is elected by the Parliamentary Party. The headliner, and the rank and file, have had no say in the matter.

We do not want to take this duty and privilege away from our Members. They are good men all, and in a better position to make a final judgement than most of us. However, in the present state, the heavy loads that our Members in the Senate and House of Representatives made a mistake. That is what most of them say now. They wish they had made a different choice.

The difficulty they face—and your Member is probably no exception—is that without outside assistance it would look like an act of abdicating for them to dismiss Mr. Gorton at this stage. Down they may not pull their leader down except for serious reasons and under compelling pressure.

That pressure, under our Party Convention, cannot very well be generated at a Council meeting, more or less under the public gaze, with the Party management looking on. There is only one place for us to gather strength—the branches, and among the ordinary Party membership. In this way, it can be done quietly, and with the dignity we all want.

At mentioned above, we view character assassination with contempt. We are not going to set out a long list of Mr. Gorton's shortcomings. They are better known to members of the Executive, and the Parliamentary Party, than to us. In any case, they can be summarized shortly.

One thing disturbs the Country most: it is directly or most it is Mr. Gorton's off-the-wall way of speaking without careful reflection. This negligence has already landed the Party in difficulty after difficulty. Nothing could be more damaging. We have to make his words back for you often. We have to remind his colleagues before making statements on matters that concern them closely. We have failed to play the part expected of any Prime Minister in the past.

Another is Parliament. His failure to "do his homework" was shown in his such statements in America and Asia, and made our Government look silly. He landed the Prime Minister of India by leaving the country while the war still here, and so on. There are dozens of similar small instances. Individually, they may be unimportant. Any man can make a mistake. But when added up, however, their cumulative effect is serious. Do they add up to a picture of the kind of Prime Minister our nation needs? We frankly do not think so.

We think that the country, and our Party, need a leader at this present time who will speak and act without little more deliberation and dignity, who will keep more closely in touch with his colleagues, and who will run a happy team.

You do not need to be poisonous to the Government. For Robert Menzies is a good example of what we mean. So is the late Mr. Chifley, even if he was unfortunately out of a Liberal. No one object is an act of genuine leadership in a Prime Minister. It can be a definite electoral advantage. But

it is not an asset if other qualities are seriously behind that one.

Our nation is facing many critical questions at this moment. Frankly, we are alarmed at the way they are being tackled. With the British Government and now the President Humphreys' intervention that we must look after ourselves. Defense policy seems to us of crucial importance.

It is no secret that Mr. Fairbairn, as Minister responsible, has been making a review of Defense. But looking has deep consequences. For example, the reduction of personnel positions and related matters have never been more worrying.

More they are tackled does not only affect us as businessmen. It will affect every wage-earner. It will affect the entire Nation. It is strongly believed in many industrial quarters that another "crisis" is inevitable.

There are too many different approaches to all these matters within the Cabinet. The present leadership has failed to resolve these "disparate approaches" in a just and enough. The ship lacks a competent helmsman.

After careful consideration, we are of opinion that the first politically possible successor to Mr. Gorton is Mr. Fairbairn. It may well be that others would be better choices. Many of us have other ideas. We agree, however, that in a matter of such importance, it is very desirable to choose Mr. Fairbairn as the most suitable choice. We know that the Federal and N.S.W. Executives of the Party share our concern and our view. Most of our Members of Parliament agree that a change is needed, but for personal and all sorts of other reasons they make no real opinion among them about the best successor.

This is where you can help, as a Liberal supporter.

We ask you to think it over. If you agree, then we ask you to telephone or write to your Federal Member. (If it is a Labor man, write to one of our Senators.)

Mr. Fairbairn is obviously not going to thrust himself forward. In public, he has no choice but to say he has no interest. He has not been elected by that. We have reason to believe that, when he has been elected, he will not refuse to do his duty.

Finally, we ask you to keep the contents of this letter confidential. It is obviously undesirable for a branch of it to get into the press, which at times only too ready to print unsolicited matter about our dignitaries.

Businessmen for Democratic Government

1. Responses thanks to an act
2. They have been
3. Wearable, also possibly Fairbairn
4. See 1.
5. When he is needed in Cabinet
6. Or Several drinks
7. Over several more drinks
8. Which we are doing our best to curb.
9. That's how we bring about them
10. Also a had example
11. Some want the job others want to make sure an error doesn't get it
12. We have been deceived by that
13. Actually, of course a unit, which is why we made sure all papers got a copy

Freddie & Clyde

Sir Frank Packer has attempted to lock other people out of their offices—e.g., his Great Stage on Avenue Borneo "Amphitheatre" last month happened to him.

Following a peaceful band therefore largely unpublished student march through Sydney, about 20 militants occupied the "Telegraph" would be a good place for a shop.

About 20 of them actually made it inside before Det-Sgt Freddie Longbottom, showing a good sense of speed for his age, caught up and blocked one of the buildings many doors. They then played hide-and-seek with a very scared security officer (Sir Frank looks after his old reporters for some time, before Clyde, Sir Frank's son and heir, started down and ordered most of them out.

Clyde is Member of the NSW Legislative Council; then showed the reporter that have parked him for a wrong political future by rushing round the block, locking every door and abusing the police. The students gathered outside the Elizabeth Street entrance, hammering on one door and abusing Clyde, who, from behind several inches of wood and including his head, replied to him.

All this stage a large black car drove up, and who should get out but Sir Frank, no doubt in his way to order another anti-student editorial. Sir Frank looked through the screen in the locked door, ordered Clyde to open it, and, after a few quick fancy exchanges, was admitted.

Once in, he worked fast. In seconds, the 20 odd police surrounding the 20 odd students were reinforced by two weapon-bands and the entire riot squad was sent back from a

happy few days with Wally Melton.

Meanwhile Sir Frank met four of the students Clyde had accidentally locked inside the building, and promised them space in the "Telegraph" in reply to his editorial (they did, and Sir Frank promptly wrote another one rubbishing the reply). He also offered \$10,000 towards any legal aid they wanted to bring on him.

But there was a catch of the legal suit failed, the leader of the student delegation, Mike Jensen (see left) and on the left, had to buy the "Telegraph" for the rest of his life.

Cynics, as Sir Frank is known to his employees (for both physical and political reasons), has all the odds on his side.

The students have not been able to find a barrister prepared to go ahead with the libel action, and they are unlikely to do so unless have been mentioned in the Packer anti-student editorial, and you can't think a crowd.

It is not known if Jensen has yet taken out his libelous subscriptions to The Paper You Can Trust, but it seems conspicuous OZ would welcome suggestions from readers for possible men he could put it to.

Graft in low places

Wretchedly Shave Council was in the news recently after one of its councillors was allegedly caught receiving a bribe. One head development company wouldn't pay to obtain approval for its subdivision and thus meant the end of what appeared to be a profitable and long-lasting scheme.

It was alleged at the councillor's trial and in other magazines that there were at least eight councillors involved in a syndicate which formed a majority on council,

split the bribes and guaranteed success.

Although the records of council meetings show that a group thought with a single mind on many topics, this was not concrete evidence. No following charges were laid.

However, what the Crown Law Department lost on the swings, Canberra, may make up on the roundabouts. When police action forced out, unwise tax investigators descended and dug out all sorts of embarrassing bank accounts, land parcels and false debits.

Even if some don't pay, at least it doesn't get law firm.

Vatican Squares

Cardinal Norberto (Basil) Gilroy on for 4:30 pm St. Mary's press conference to explain why the PBI is forever banned.

By 4:45 he hadn't arrived and the press was getting restless. "Where is the old husband?" one reporter asked. "Nothing around," said another. "He's just there every now and then—two years and then comes late."

When Basil, a Harold Holt style giant in his late sixties and a little red skull cap glued to his head, walked into the crypt ten minutes later the 20th century might never have happened. He and his hunchmen sat under a velvet cloak at a table draped with what looked like a small chameleon bedspread.

On Basil's right (if that is possible) Bishop Maldoon, of Morris Braggion (name), and Father Murray, the church's representative. On his left, Dr. Richard SM De Maldoon, and a small bee doctor, the Guild of St. Luke's leading obituary. If Gilroy had been present he would have remained on the spot.

The paper enclosed, which Maldoon described as "positive, beautiful, and elegant" was translated from the Latin into an almost incomprehensibly flowery English—all 3,000 words. Basil read a letter from a man in Rome describing the English PBI. PP VI were thought as he spent three years on his knees trying to think of a way to use the programme. Then Maldoon explained what it all meant.

To his credit, he did not actually use the phrase "they were born in Hell forever", but he did have a marvellous flow of words about mortal sin, grave sins, in conscience, petty sins, low, and truth. "The words spoken can never stand," he explained, in his famous 18th century prose.

What about Protestants who took the PBI? Maldoon looked at Radford who smiled like a shark. "That," he said "would be what we in the trade call inevitable ignorance."

"It's been a real pleasure," said Basil, he had all but breaking in half with his horse, and the press conference ended. The speakers went off to spend a few hours on their knees contemplating Maldoon's sermon: "I think Catholics will have a great sign of relief... at last we have a decision from the Vicar of Christ."



Sir Frank talks to young friends before Clyde lets him in

PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES

by Capt. W. C. John

The Aborigines' Ball was in full swing by the time Bungles dropped in.

Every Aborigine of note — from Charlie Perkins' mother to Frank Hardy — was there, giving it up to a little John Anhill number. To add a little more colour, some Negro sailors had come along plus an Eskimo, a Canadian Indian and a Miori, here to enjoy a guided tour of Black Australia.



Bungles was still feeling guilty about not being able to talk the Squadron into giving the Dark People a base at Wave Hill. As revenge, he had decided to front a lucky lube to the Ball.

"Cinderella", the Press had called her. Bungles kept a nervous eye on the time.

The Bungles had refused to join him this evening. She had just found out about his plans to find Ainslie a spare seat in his Sopwith Biomeral and she was furiously

putting pressure on him to marry Ainslie off to Aigy.

After a couple of Barnadesanos, Bungles decided it was time for his pettie partner to take a little amber lubrication. Leaning against the Colour Bar, in one of his more familiar poses, he told the newsmen the old story about Jacky Jacky and the rubber digendoo.

Later, he struck up a conversation with the Eskimo, who ran a small mixed business (his wife was French) at Winnapeg.

The Eskimo explained to him that the guided tour of Aboriginal settlements had only included N.S.W. and Canberra. However, he had found the natives in Canberra particularly restless.

Trouble along the Molonglo? Bungles frowned. He knew there must have been some reason why the Squadron kept urging him to test the F-111s personally.

A trial effort soon showed that right and the 73-year-old Page could maintain his work in a reduced rhythm.

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There is a rumour we must deny.

Some members of the police force and their running dogs from the daily press have claimed Liverpool police operated a car-stealing and stripping ring with Wally Mellish.

And, they say, the police wanted Wally dead so he couldn't talk to Mr. Allen.

How nasty some people are. Some even suggest police threw rocks on Wally's house when Mr. Allen left the scene to enforce him out.

And some people have the nerve to think that somebody found 85 cars only a mile or so down the road from "Honey-moon House".

If all this is true, Wally certainly needed that Armalite.

Now we are hearing scurrilous untruths that Wally has written letters to both Bob Askin and the Commissioner telling them of the car ring.

How refreshing that no rumours have been spread around about the Revesby weekend.



armalite sonata

A man last night was holding his ten-year-old "dream" child hostage in a Sydney opera house. The man, a middle-aged minister for works, demanded that authorities pay a king's ransom before he would give up. Government leaders described the demand for \$150 million as being "very fair".

The drama paralleled in many details the fantastic siege of 1964, involving a deranged Danish migrant and his six-year old baby. On that occasion a diminutive draftsman was left holding the baby. Last night state authorities said that they would "play it cool" just as they had on the previous occasion.

"When dealing with a person like this, we have to expect that he will

not honour his promise to come out at a certain time or under certain conditions. Not long ago the man told us that he would give up for \$50 million after three years."

"He said that he would leave the building if he could talk to Rev. Peter Hall, the well-known Functionist Brufalist, but the reverend gentlemen seems to have had little success in solving the gunman's problems."

LATE NEWS: The besieged man told police early this morning that he wished to marry Anna Russell and would go to Morisset immediately afterwards. Police are uncertain whether they should increase the number of prime donnes inside the house.



DAILY TELEGRAPH, JULY 29

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**GUESS
WHO'S
COMING
TO
DINNER?**

